

Swiss Super-William Tell Refutes German Story of French Dumdums

Meyer de Stadelhofen, Great Rifle and Bullet Expert. After Examining Exhibits Disproves Kaiser's Charge of Cruelty Caused by French Cartridges

MEYER DE STADELHOFFEN has accomplished a feat like that of Christopher Columbus with the egg.

Anybody could have done it had it occurred to him. Emperor William, for example, Meyer de Stadelhofen took a look at the objects.

True, he had expert knowledge. He is the super-William Tell.

You will remember the sensation that occurred when the Kaiser in a personal communication to President Wilson declared that French and English soldiers had been using dumdum bullets, which cause great tearing wounds, "causing lacerating and contrary to the law of nations and common humanity."

Photographs of the dumdum cartridges, "confiscated in the pockets of French prisoners," principally near Schirmeck, Montmédy and Longwy, have been sent out and exhibited over the world.

"In the fort of Longwy was equally discovered a machine which had served to transform regulation cartridges into dumdum, and entire boxes of these dangerous munitions were seized. Other cartridges found on prisoners presented deep cuts or were weakened near the point. Such balls provoke wounds equal to dumdum."

I quote from a note prepared by the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Berlin and spread among the nations by Ambassadors, Ministers, legation secretaries and Consuls. In Switzerland the note, photographs and samples were sent to the press and shown on application by Baron de Romberg, German Minister at Bern.

Now the Swiss are the greatest rifle fanatics in Europe. The militia system—almost like a standing army—gives each man his gun to keep at home and practice with. And the confederation furnishes at half cost price two kinds of cartridges, (1) cartridges for those who want to practice in the backyard, and (2) cartridges for those who cross into Germany and shoot against the experts of the German army stands. As the Germans permit only the lead ball in such practice—in spite of its fouling the gun—the Swiss confederation furnishes her sons who shoot in German stands with a regulation Swiss cartridge with lead ball sheathed in heavy paper to avoid fouling. And the Swiss carry off seven prizes in ten.

There are quantities of Swiss who can shoot an apple off the head of any boy who will stand still. Naturally they were extremely interested in the dumdum bullets and discussed the German note and photographs spread abroad in Swiss papers.

Having also participated in French army shooting matches they were familiar, to their cost, with the all bronze regulation bullets over the border which keep French rifles in stand-

practice as clean as the Swiss, and as accurate, but they make necessary massive targets to avoid doing damage beyond. The Swiss had seen the French shorten their range and avoid the ricochet by boring a hole in the bullet's nose—a difficult process, requiring a machine by reason of the hardness of the bronze. And they were still more familiar with comparatively new and inexpensive French stand cartridges of only 200 yards range, a quasi-tubular lead ball coated just enough to prevent fouling.

So when they saw the German photographs they said "Why, these are stand cartridges."

If so they could not be dumdums. "The regulation French cartridge has a solid bronze bullet," one man wrote to an editor. "However it is mutilated, you only shorten its range, and can never make a dumdum of it because the dumdum process is characterized by the presence of two metals of unequal hardness."

Another wrote: "We cannot see what is inside your photograph of a package found at Longwy fort, but, admitting that certain stand bullets might make an ugly wound—our own Swiss paper coated ones, for instance—ought we to be accused of using dumdums if the Germans should invade us and find packages of them in a fort? It is even imaginable that a few stand cartridges might have been given out by error in the haste of mobilization."

Now among the William Tells of Switzerland today there is one super-William Tell, or William-William Tell, as one might say, a mighty target shooter, splitting apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, at 200 yards, 100 yards, 600 yards, on or off any little boy's or girl's head or grown person's, shooting the eagle in its flight. He is "H. C."

the confiscated munitions are merely stand cartridges, destined to be shot at a mark, merits to be remembered. But this explanation—which our enemies have utilized—does not interest us. The question is not the primitive destination of the cartridges found on our enemies, but what these cartridges did, as a fact, to our German killed and wounded. It makes no difference that the name of "stand cartridge" is given to the criminal munitions, they are contrary to all the stipulations of the law of nations."

Which, in its turn, aroused the Swiss rifle fanatics. Coddily, Baron de Romberg called them down for hitting the Aristocrats have no patience with outsiders who like to argue. But these Swiss are William Tells, and it was they who originated the expression "Shoot that hat!" And the Baron had added:

"A number of the cartridges are at the Imperial German Legation at Bern, where all may see them, and will be presented to the Swiss Federal Council."

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which no one else had thought to do. He went to Bern and inspected the exhibits with care. Had Emperor William done the same my tale had been shorter.

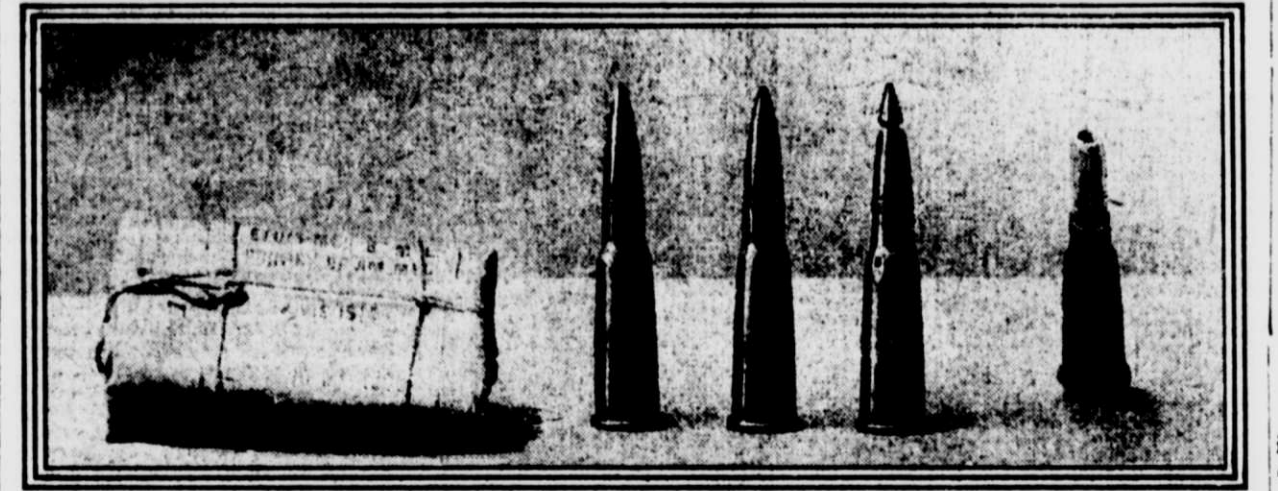
"I was very courteously received by Baron de Romberg, assisted by the military attaché of the legation," he says. "These gentlemen showed me the note of the Berlin Foreign Office, beginning: 'In the pockets of French prisoners . . . were found.' &c., &c., and terminating: 'An intact package of these dumdums (found at Longwy, &c.) and some isolated specimens discovered on French prisoners are annexed hereto.'"

"They next showed me the photograph. It represents three French regulation (Lebel) ball D) cartridges, more or less mutilated by cuts, &c., done with a file. Concerning these cartridges, improperly qualified as steel coated (stahlmantel), it is sufficient to say that they are pointed balls of massive bronze, which cannot possibly be transformed into dumdums. The photograph contains, standing beside them on the extreme right, one old fashioned (1870) French M ball cartridge, whose case has been bored."

"On their left, in the photograph, is a package bearing the following indication: 'Avis, 1914. 8 cartouches de Stadel, Modèle 19.'"

"I was not shown the package itself," continues Meyer de Stadelhofen, "but Baron de Romberg declared to me that it had contained six cartridges when opened. Five were shown to me. I remarked:

"1. The transformations had been rudely made with the aid of rudimentary tools—file, saw and punch. 2. Of all five cartridges, no two were in the same spot, the saw or the punch being nearer or farther from the point. 3. The nose



The supposed dumdum cartridges, found in a captured French fort, which motivated the Kaiser's hasty letter to President Wilson. Note the modifications at the points. (These photographs were withdrawn from shop windows, etc., in the succeeding week.)

Which displeased the German Minister at Bern.

"Your intentions are excellent," said the Baron in a communication to the press, "and the explanation by which

(meaning "our of competition") in the military and civilian rifle and carbine matches of four nations. I refer to Meyer de Stadelhofen.

Meyer de Stadelhofen did the thing

drilling was not in the centre. And, 4. the metal had been recently worked—the lead being still very brilliant!"

What will you? Why do you call in such a man? Meyer de Stadelhofen is

is a fixed resolve, a spirit of heroism; gayety still, but no more follies. We laugh, but we no longer play the fool.

The other Sunday a Taube flew over Paris toward 11 o'clock and dropped bombs upon the district in which I live. Every one rushed into the street in order to see better, and an unbroken nose in air, joked: "That's fine! a 'Boche' (German) who comes to say mass!"

It is William who has brought forth this new spirit and it is shown all over France, among the most obscure of the peasants as much as among her most famous scholars.

On August 2, the first day of mobilization, I was walking in the evening on the battlements of an old Norman chateau overlooking the Seine. From the road which runs round the base of its ramparts came the sound of groans; it was a peasant woman whose husband was going to war and who was sobbing in the shadows, and I heard her despairing sentences, her frantic good-byes, her words of simple love mingled with advice, all broken and broken.

Reading, suggestive of an animal that is being strangled. And finally she uttered this cry of revolt:

"Do speak, can't you? You say nothing; you are not sorry then?"

"Yes, only—"

"Well, what is it?"

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"You are sick of what?"

"Of the Germans. They have bored us too long. I have had enough of it."

"That working man who does not weep and who perishes to the tears of his wife. 'These people bore me, I have had enough of them; I risk being killed. I know, but I want to have a go at them like my comrades'—is he not sublime? And how much then, for forty years, must the Germans have tormented the conscience of the French people if a humble peasant resents the injury so deeply!"



German cartoon showing France and England engaged in making dumdum bullets. The mistake of French cartridges, supposedly short ranged for target practice is obvious in the cartoon's machine for drilling holes in the points.

interested in just one thing—rifles and cartridges. Gessler listens, troubled, as he goes on with his conclusions.

"Under these conditions," concludes the Super-William, "it is evident to common sense that the cartridges were not transformed by machinery, and that their transformation was not operated at the epoch or under the conditions exposed in the attached note. The affirmations of the note are, thus, contradicted by an examination of the cartridges annexed to it."

Evidently somebody deceived the Foreign Office at Berlin.

And somebody must have equally misled the German Emperor, who cannot but regret having written to President Wilson so unnecessarily concerning the use of dumdum balls by French and English, and the tearing, lacerat-

ing wounds produced by them on dead and wounded German soldiers.

Concerning these dumdum wounds, which scandalized the Kaiser in his letter, Meyer de Stadelhofen inquired of Baron de Romberg:

"Has the Foreign Office at Berlin communicated to the legation any medical reports verifying the employment of dumdums?"

"The Baron replied negatively. 'German army surgeons,' he said, 'consider that it is practically almost impossible to distinguish whether a wound is due to a dumdum ball or not, because of the fact that modern regulation bullets are animated by such a movement of rotation that they may easily provoke wounds analogous to those produced by dumdum balls. This happens when they fail to strike

straight on, a case that frequently occurs.

Which is time's revenge on the dumdum (if true)?

Yet who can stop the story? Can the Emperor himself, who launched it? Only the other day the Rev. Dr. Dryander, first preacher of the Berlin Court, in a letter spread broadcast over the world, refers with indignation to 'the dumdum cartridges confiscated at Longwy and Mauberge, where the deposits of them, carefully packed in their original and official covers, were ready to be distributed to French and English troops!'

The court preacher adds: "Our Emperor himself gave the shame to the light of day; and the fact is indisputable."

It is up to the Kaiser to dispute it.

France Will Not Yield, Declares Maurice Leblanc

By MAURICE LEBLANC, Creator of Arsène Lupin.

WHEN one considers that William II. was able to choose his moment and that he did choose it, one is amazed at his having chosen precisely the moment which would be the most fatal for him.

Contrary to the rules of a good leader, who only embarks upon a difficult enterprise at the favorable point, one would almost believe that he went out of his way to choose the decisive instant when he had the greatest possible number of adverse circumstances collected against him.

He might have flourished his sword at the time when England was absorbed by the Transvaal, at the time when Russia was struggling against Japan. No, he preferred to wait until the two great nations which might be deemed most full of resources were free to unite with France and together to fight the common enemy.

And perhaps it was just as inconceivable a piece of folly on his part to have waited until France could be fighting forward against him the equally inexhaustible force of a nation not only resolved to conquer or die, but, what is infinitely preferable, resolved not to die, but to conquer. And may we not say that it is he who has brought that force to its full expansion?

It is true that a few years ago the whole of France would have risen against the invader just as to-day, with the same fire and the same enthusiasm, but perhaps the soul of the nation would not have been the same ardent, determined, untiring, indomitable soul which is the France of to-day. There would perhaps have been—say perhaps—a certain wavering, the subconscious hesitation of a nation which has allowed itself to be softened by four dreams of peace and which at the hour of dreadful reality does not react just at first all the energy and power which make for perfect union.

Luckily, William II. was amiable enough to warn us and to shake us repeatedly out of our dangerous sleep! The quarrels at Algiers, the coup of Agadir, the taking of the Congo, the campaign against the Foreign Legion, the incidents at Laverne, the formidable increase of the German army, were so many warnings which said most clearly: "Look out, good people beyond the Vosges. I am preparing to fall upon you. Look out! My colossal grandfather stole one pound of your flesh, I who am even more colossal will, I am preparing to steal two or three. Look out, good people, I am going to take advantage of your wasting your time in political, literary and artistic discussions to teach you to know barbarism, incendiarism, pillage, murder and the methodical destruction of all that makes the charm and the glory of your country. Look out! Do not sleep too long. I am coming!"

And when he did come we were not asleep, and although the shock was terrible we have endured it—and our hour will not be long in coming.

For forty years, with a patience which often amazed the world, we were "enslaved" to use a French saying term. Now the trial of our endurance is over. With our armor complete, our faces set in resolve, our souls assured, bravely do we confront the foe.

I am not speaking merely of our soldiers—these our English friends see

every day at work on the field of battle—I speak of the whole nation, which beneath the idle excitement of internal disputes has since the war of 1870 gained newer and stronger virtues—courage, tenacity, sangfroid, self-restraint, dignity in misfortune, moderation in victory.

Is there anything finer than Gen. Joffre's communiques, and can one imagine a more significant contrast than the reserve of these few always truthful lines and the Germans' loud proclamation of imaginary victories to the whole world?

And thus, contrary to what William hoped, the very soul of the country has been raised and strengthened in the face of danger. He counted on disunion and panic, order and union, sword and peace, order and union, sword and peace.

At the end of August his hordes invaded France. What would be the result? A revolution, at least, he thought. By no means; quite a small event, nothing more. The Government, of radical Socialist origin, gathered around it its most irreconcilable enemies, the Ribots, the Delcasses, the Millerands, the Briand—indeed it gave them power. At the beginning of September those hordes were at the gates of Paris. Did he imagine this time we were done for? No, the Government took its departure and declared that the heart of France was Bordeaux.

And to the very end, even if fate were dead against us, it would be the same. Were Paris bombarded, taken and sacked the army would retreat if necessary beyond the Loire, still further beyond the Garonne, still further to the Pyrenees. Retiring certainly, but not yielding, waiting and abiding its time.

On this point, as on every other, we are all united to the end. There are no more parties; there is no more dissension. The great Maurice Barrès, the head of the Patriotic League, is not more resolute than Gustave Hervé, the anti-militarist of former days. Socialists and monarchists fraternize together. On the list of hostages from Rheims there were six trade unionists and six priests.

Unity and enthusiasm prevail everywhere. France is actually living one of the finest hours in her history, and every Frenchman is profoundly conscious of the fact. At no other period, not even in the splendid days of Joan of Arc and of the Revolution, has there been such a higher conception of her duties, nor has she shown such vitality and such ardent faith.

The soldiers of 1914 surpass the volunteers of 1792 and the nation shows a still more united will. It is something better than hope that she breathes forth; it is the most glorious of certainties. No misfortune will overthrow her, no trial will discourage her. She knows that she will be victorious in the end, and she knows this because the cause which she is defending is a just one and justice is a principle which has strength to raise her to the topmost heights of heroism.

In a few hours she cast far from her all that could hinder her efforts. No more dissension, no more vain words, from north to south, from east to west

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THE PAINFUL STORY OF FIDGETY WILL



From "Scollen Headed William" (after the German), verses adapted by E. V. Lucas, dramatized by Geo. Morrice. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Let us see if William can. Be a prudent business man. Let us see if he is able

to respect the dinner table." Said the Haus Herr: "Now behave!" And his wife looked very grave. But Fidgety Will still, Though the table was laden With good things to eat, And every one happy And smiling and neat,

The house in good order And money to spare— He wriggled And struggled And dithered his chair. And all discontented, Still threatened to fare. See the naughty, restless elf Growing still more fixed on elf.

Now his chair falls over quite, William pulls with all his might. Down upon the ground they fall, Bottle, soup tureen and all. See the Haus Herr first and frown As he sees them tumbling down! And the Haus Frau makes a face: William is in sad disgrace. Where is William? where is he?

Fairly overwhelmed you see, What a terrible to do! Posies, glasses, soap in front. Here a knife and there a fork. William, this is cruel work. Table bare, and what a life! For the German and his wife! See them scowl and wonder how they will get their dinner now.

has argued a body well nourished a mind at peace.

His body is a bony framework on which hang loosely the once well-fitting clothes, but even in its emaciated condition there is a suggestion of one time suppleness. By his side sits his wife, her skirts dragged and torn, her feet in torn stockings minus shoes, her hair, pretty and abundant in other days, tied in a wisp so tightly that the skin drawn back accentuates the fixed stare of unseeing eyes. By them two children play languidly, the third having been lost on the road.

He had gone on into his little kitchen garden for his morning task of picking the vegetables for the day when he was warned to flee without stopping for anything. The dreaded Hun was upon them. They had not believed it. In the case of so many others, of greater understanding, and water outside, the day's security meant all time security.

They had fared forth hurriedly, with out treasures, feeling in company with the entire village. In the course of the day they were separated for a time, and when man and wife and the two children were reunited the third had gone. Once they looked back to see the flames rising from their homes, situated in the neighborhood of Charleroi, where a great battle took place.

When questions are asked these people they answer automatically. When food is offered they accept it and eat with effort.

The charity of the French people and the systematic distribution of relief compel admiration. Scarcely have the first three thousand refugees been collected in the Cirque before clothes and food in abundance are there. Dressing rooms which but a few weeks before sheltered spanned tragedies, jesters, petticoats and ballet girls are turned into shoe depots where refugees are fitted. It is not a pleasing work, but people of little women of wealth and professional distinction are on their knees fitting these poor tired feet, and hands unable to help are permitted to remain idle.

Afterward measurements are taken and the bundles of clothes distributed. Some of the clothes are bought with money donated for the purpose, some are private contributions, some come from the big shops, now closed to foreigners. These clothes are assorted and then the refugees are fitted. As this is accomplished the names of the clothes are crossed from the list.

As you stand watching, a French woman with stentorian voice comes to the rail and calls out "The family Berger." This family detaches itself from the crowd, comes forward, stands in a fitting room and then sent under convoy to another shelter.

A moment is wasted, so much so that a forgotten, however in the last of the toys for the children are sent away and a few forlorn refugees who have their ducks are not separated from them.